

THE LEISURE HOUR

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



CAUGHT IN A SNOW-STORM.

HURLOCK CHASE.

BY G. E. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "STORY OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XXIV.—MR. WAINFLEET, THE LONDON LAWYER.

"WHEN did you last hear from your friend Tom Previst?" whispered Mr. Wainfleet to the gipsy, as they walked together in strange companionship, in the rear of the funeral procession.

Moses Lee drew his hat more firmly over his brow, so as to conceal his features, as he replied, with well assumed simplicity, and in his softest tones, "Tom Previst, who is he?"

"Pho, pho! you will be saying next that you don't know me," said the lawyer.

The gipsy's hat was drawn yet more closely over his eyes. "I have never spoken a word to your honour before to-day," he said.

"Spoken! no. But you remember the Town-hall at L—, and the assizes there," rejoined the lawyer, still speaking in the same low and guarded tones. "I have him there," he thought within himself, as, with a half-smile, he shot a quick glance into the gipsy's face, or as much of it as could be seen under his sheltering broad-brimmed Spanish hat.

"The assizes, gentleman! Your honour must be thinking of some other person. I am only a poor gipsy. What should such as I have ever had to do at the assizes?" the man responded.

"True, you are only a gipsy, Moses Lee by name. As though I did not know that," whispered the lawyer, as contemptuously as was consistent with the good-humoured expression of his countenance. "You have not forgotten the figure you cut in the witness-box, I am sure;" adding inwardly, "Had him there again."

"Hush, gentleman! There's no occasion to be bringing up old stories, whoever your honour may be," said the gipsy, hastily.

"You have not forgotten, then, my friend; and you remember how many lies you told to prove an *alibi*, and so clear the prisoner. You did not succeed, eh? But do you know what is the punishment for perjury?"

Once more Mr. Wainfleet cast a penetrating glance at the gipsy, who, raising his hat, boldly returned the gaze, though his swarthy features were a shade paler than was natural to them.

"Ah, I see you know me, Moses," said the lawyer, with a smile. "You remember that I instructed the counsel for the prosecution?"

The gipsy's eyes fell, and his speech sunk into the humble, half-deprecatory and half-supplicatory tones of a professional mendicant. "Your honour is too much of a gentleman to wish any harm to a poor man," he said.

"I neither wish you harm, nor shall do you any harm, my friend. I only wished to try if my memory were at fault. I find that yours is as good as mine. You know me?"

"Bless you, Mr. Wainfleet!" exclaimed the gipsy, throwing off his constraint, though still speaking guardedly: "as if I hadn't known you these twenty years!" He laughed silently as he said this.

"You have the advantage of me, then," said the lawyer.

"Many's the time I might have had an advantage of your honour, when you have been alone in these roads one year after another; and nobody would have been the wiser," said the gipsy.

"You think so, do you, friend? That would have remained to be proved. However, I am obliged to you for your forbearance."

"You are welcome, gentleman; but I have had a thought sometimes, that if you had known what I knowed, you wouldn't have been so hard on poor Tom Previst."

"Pho! I wasn't hard upon him. He deserved what he got: you know that. But you seem to be very knowing, my friend. You tell fortunes sometimes, I suppose?"

"Not to the likes of you, Mr. Wainfleet," said the gipsy, who, as will be observed, spoke with a ready intelligence and directness of language which somewhat surprised the lawyer. "Not to the likes of you," he repeated; "and yet, maybe, gentleman, I could tell you a thing or two about what you will do and where you will be to-day and to-morrow, and the day after."

"Indeed! Well?"

"Well, your honour, you'll go straight on to the Grange from Fairbourne. Sir Richard is looking out for you, and wishes he wasn't."

"Right as an oracle, my friend," said the lawyer, smiling; "but it needs no prophet to tell me that."

"Your honour is true enough in that. Everybody knows it. Well, gentleman, when you have done with Sir Richard, and had dinner with him, you'll be after riding over to Barton's farm on the downs; and a pretty

shindy you are like to have with him. He doesn't expect you; if he did, he'd be giving you leg-bail to-day."

"Umph! What next, Moses?"

"Ten to one, Mr. Wainfleet, after that, you'll turn your horse's head towards H—, where you have appointed Armitage, the sheriff's officer, to meet you. Let me see; that will be about five o'clock."

"Are you sure of that, my friend?" demanded the lawyer, with some degree of surprise.

"Nothing is sure, gentleman," replied the gipsy; "and your honour knows best what's in that pack there"—he pointed to the portmanteau on the lawyer's horse—"among the other papers; but—"

"Well, well, never mind what else there may be besides a clean shirt or two and my dressing-case. But, supposing your predictions come to pass so far, what next?"

"Then next, your honour, having settled with Mr. Armitage how he is to come down upon Joe Barton, it will be time for you to be getting back to the Priory. Maybe it will be eight o'clock by the time you get there; then you will be after having a talk with Miss Melly and Miss Prissy; and that will keep you up till ten, or maybe eleven, and then Master Crickett will be waiting to show you to your night's quarters. A queer whim of the ladies at the Priory, your honour, to turn out their visitors—"

"We won't discuss that question, friend Lee," interposed Mr. Wainfleet; "but, on my word, you have made out a pretty minute programme for me. But suppose you are altogether wrong—eh?"

"Your honour knows best," said the gipsy, quietly; "but one thing, gentleman, queers me. You are a gentleman as takes good care of yourself in general, and as carries a good many secrets about with you, and something else besides; and"—here he dropped his voice to a whisper—"it puzzles me why you choose to travel about our country alone, and put up at Will Crickett's place, knowing as much about him as I know you do, and as he knows you do, your honour."

"Rest content, friend," said the lawyer; "or—well, I don't mind; I'll meet confidence with confidence." He threw open the breast of his outer coat as he spoke, and half-drew from an inner pocket a small and exquisitely finished pocket-pistol. "I am a very light sleeper in the country," he said, as he again buttoned up his coat. "And now, friend Lee, as you have sketched out with such ready talent my proceedings for to-day, what shall I do to-morrow?"

The gipsy was about to reply when the sound of a horse's hoofs behind caused them both to look round—the gipsy with the habitual watchfulness of that singular people, and the lawyer to tighten his hold upon his own horse, which he still led by the bridle. The road was narrow and rough, as has been already mentioned, and the funeral procession left barely room for a horseman to pass. Just at that time, too, a halt was caused by an exchange of coffin-bearers, which created a slight confusion, and for a few seconds almost entirely blocked up the passage. It followed, therefore, that the horseman in the rear, however impatient to pass the mournful group, was compelled to rein in his steed and wait till the funeral train was once more in motion. He was a man of middle age, and apparently of an impatient temperament; at any rate he uttered an impatient exclamation as he submitted to the necessary detention. Probably his impatience was increased by the consciousness that the eyes of the lawyer were keenly and almost rudely fixed upon him; for, uttering another smothered

exclamation, he threw himself from his horse, and, under the pretence of leading him past the funeral train, which was again slowly moving on, he contrived to turn his face away from the starrer. In another moment he had disengaged himself from the impediment to his course, and, hastily remounting his horse, was soon out of sight.

It is almost superfluous to say that the scraps of conversation we have jotted down were spoken in tones so subdued and quiet as not to disturb and scarcely to reach the ear of the more deeply affected mourners in front; and after the slight interruption just noted neither Mr. Wainfleet nor the gipsy seemed eager to break the silence it had imposed. When he did speak again the lawyer's voice was strangely altered, as though the speaker were struggling with some inward emotion; and the topic of his talk was entirely changed.

"It is singular, my friend," he said, "that you and I should be walking together on such an occasion as this."

"I was thinking the same thing, Mr. Wainfleet," said Moses Lee.

"You gipsy people are not much given to mingling with either the feastings or the mournings of others, I think?"

"Do others, such as the likes of you, gentleman, care much for us and our feastings or mournings?" asked the gipsy, with quiet composure.

"I think not: I am afraid not," said the good-natured lawyer, a little touched with the implied reproach.

"And yet we are the same flesh and blood, too," rejoined Lee.

"Undoubtedly. God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the earth. You are quite right there."

"You want to know why I am following Mary Austin to the grave, Mr. Wainfleet. I told you, just now, she was very good to my Judith. She wasn't afraid nor ashamed to come to the gipsies' tent and the gipsies' caravan; she brought cordials to my poor dying girl, and talked gentle words to her, as if they had been sisters; she read the good book to her, and made good prayers for her. You mayn't think it, gentleman, but a gipsy has a memory for kindnesses done to him and his."

"I have no reason to disbelieve it, my friend," said the lawyer; "and I am glad to witness it."

"I told my Judith, before she died, that I'd never forget Mary Austin's kindness. It does her no good now, that I am following her to her burying; but it was all that was left for me to do."

The funeral procession had by this time almost reached Fairbourne Lodge, near to which point two roads successively branched off from that which it was traversing. One of these roads has already been mentioned in our tale as leading to the Priory; the other, turning to the right, skirted Fairbourne Park, and terminated at Fairbourne Church, which was half a mile distant from the junction of the roads; while, straight on, the road from the Wash conducted to the Grange, the seat of Sir Richard Whistler.

"Your honour does not mean to go round to the church?" said the gipsy, after another short interval of silence. He said it half-affirmatively, half-interrogatively. It might have been taken either way.

"You are right," said the lawyer: "I have put off too much time already. Sir Richard is expecting me, you know." He smiled as he spoke.

The gipsy merely nodded.

"By the way, friend Moses, who was that fellow who came up on horseback just now, and passed us?"

"Your honour knows him, I think," said Lee.

"If I did, why should I ask you? Who is he?" the lawyer repeated, more sharply than he had hitherto spoken.

"You must surely know Squire Brooke, your honour?"

"Brooke—Brooke! Do you mean to say that that person is Jason Brooke, now owner of Hurlock Chase?"

"Yes, gentleman."

If Moses Lee noted the instantaneous change which passed over the lawyer's countenance at this moment, he did not appear to notice it. In another moment this sudden expression had again subsided into one of careless indifference.

"Do you know anything of Squire Brooke, as you call him, friend Lee?" he asked, with the air of a man who does not care whether you answer his question or not.

"Very little, your honour."

"He is not among the number of your friends, then?"

"A gipsy doesn't look for friends in such quarters, gentleman," said Moses Lee, in a tone of what might have passed for profound humility and self-depreciation. It did not pass for such with the lawyer, however.

"You do yourself injustice, Moses," replied he, banteringly. "You have a good many friends—among the free-traders, for instance."

"Maybe, or maybe not, your honour. Anyway, Squire Brooke is not one of them," said the gipsy, composedly.

Mr. Wainfleet looked keenly into the gipsy's countenance. "I dare say you are right," he said. "But at any rate you pay a visit to the Chase sometimes."

"To the Chase, your honour, no doubt; but not to the house. There are not many women-folks there; and a house without them isn't much good," he added.

"Umph! Squire Brooke is not married, then?"

"Isn't; but is to be, they say. I suppose he was going to see the lady when he passed us."

"The lady! What lady?"

"The young lady at Fairbourne Court, your honour: Miss Gilbert."

"Miss Gilbert! Not Clara?" said the lawyer.

"I have no knowledge of the young lady's name, besides being Miss Gilbert," said the gipsy; "but she is Squire Gilbert's only daughter."

"True, he has only one daughter, I believe; a brown-eyed girl, with a roguish, laughing face, as I remember, having met her once only. But you are mistaken, my friend. Clara Gilbert is engaged to be married to young Harry Rivers."

"Your honour does not know everything, I see," responded Moses. "The young lady has altered her mind: the women do that sometimes."

"Umph! And so Clara Gilbert is to be married to that man, is she?" said Mr. Wainfleet.

"To Squire Brooke; yes, gentleman. I have seen them riding together many times, though not of late, for the lady has been ill. If it hadn't been for that, they would have gone to church before now, I have been told; and they are only waiting till her illness is gone off."

Once more the lawyer uttered an "umph," and then walked on silently till the turning to the church was reached. Here there was another halt for changing the coffin-bearers, and Mr. Wainfleet at the same time mounted his horse. He had nodded a good-humoured farewell to the gipsy, and was waiting for the procession to turn into the church lane, as the road was called,

when he bent over the saddle-bow and whispered to his late companion, "You owe me something in that affair of Tom Previst, you know. Pay me by finding out all you can about Jason Brooke, where he comes from, what company he keeps, what he does with himself. You understand."

The gipsy nodded.

"Not that it matters to me; but I like to pick up information. Where shall I find you three days from this?"

"I am camping on Marley Heath, your honour."

"On Marley Heath let it be, then; in the evening after dark."

Once more the gipsy nodded. The next minute the funeral passed on, and Mr. Wainfleet was trotting onward towards the Grange.

"So that fellow has turned up here," he said, or thought to himself, as he paced along. "I am not mistaken, I think. Twenty years and more make a difference, to be sure; but he *is* the man. And if he is, what is it to me?" the lawyer went on, in self-communing. "And if he has mended his ways and is living cleanly, as Falstaff has it, why should I put myself out of the way to trip up his heels? But—Hurlock Chase! that *he* should be the owner of Hurlock Chase! I don't understand it; and I'll find out something. That will do him no harm."

And then he put his horse into a gallop.

CHAPTER XXV.—A SNOW-STORM.

THE subsequent proceedings of Mr. Wainfleet, on the day of Mary Austin's funeral, proved that if the gipsy Lee were not a true prophet, he had at least the means of obtaining correct intelligence. As, however, the lawyer's professional visit to Sir Richard Whistler, and his dealings with Joe Barton on the Downs Farm, and with Mr. Armitage, the sheriff's officer, have nothing to do with our story, we may pass over these incidental matters, only briefly observing that the baronet was in an irritable humour for several days in succession, after the visit of his agent, and that a distress for rent was put into the Downs Farm on the following week.

But, shrewd as was Moses Lee, there was one circumstance which he had overlooked in his vaticinations, namely, a snow-storm, which, immediately following a sudden shift of wind, met the traveller in the face as he was on the road from H— to the Priory, and beat upon him furiously. It was already dusk, the way was long, a good two hours' ride at the best of times, and the lawyer's horse was tired; but, elderly gentleman though he was, the lawyer manfully buttoned up his coat to his chin, stayed his beast while he pulled a Stockport shawl (dear to travellers in those days) from his pocket, and wrapped it in a double fold over the lower part of his face, leaving only his eyes uncovered; pulled his hat more closely down upon his brow, and then, applying his single spur gently to his horse's flanks, again started forward, bravely determined to buffet the storm, which every moment seemed to increase in intensity.

Among the many perplexing, bewildering, and baffling things in this world is a snow-storm to a traveller. At such a time familiar objects disappear or become fantastically disguised; way-marks are lost; awkward ruts and inequalities in the road are covered over, and present a treacherously even surface, into which the unsuspecting man sinks as he steps. He withdraws the entrapped limb, if it have the good luck to be uninjured, and hastens to rising ground a few yards off, where the snow cannot be so deep, and finds the rising ground to be an enormous drift, into which he plunges to the waist.

Meanwhile, the blinding storm continues. Big feathery flakes cover him, settle on his eyebrows, on his whiskers (if he have them), fall into his eyes, and trickle down his cheeks in cold tears. He looks, or strives to look before him; but a white, impenetrable, moving, dazzling curtain surrounds him and hems him in; till, rendered desperate by his situation, he dashes forward, ignorant of his course, and with no landmarks to conduct him to his desired haven. If he be on horseback his circumstances are not mended; for he has two pairs of eyes and three of legs to take care of and guard, instead of one, while the frightened and restive steed stumbles and slips, and shies and backs, according to its nature, and at length compels its rider to descend from his eminence and softly find out a path for them both.

To this conclusion Mr. Wainfleet was driven when he had been more than an hour struggling, not only with snow above and around and underfoot, still falling as thickly and thickening as rapidly as ever, but also with a cutting north-east wind, which made his poor horse quiver and quake, and seemed to freeze the very marrow in his own bones. To add to his perplexity—we might also add, to his danger—he had left behind him the hedge-rows on either side of the road, which had hitherto served to keep him from straying, and was "out upon the downs," across which the road ran for some miles.

There might as well have been no road for all the good it did to the traveller. All was one unbroken sea of snow, into which his horse sunk at every step, now up to its fetlock, then up to its knees, to the great discomposure of its rider. To add to his perplexity, night was rapidly coming on, though, had it been broad daylight, his case would have been but little mended. At length, as we have said, after wandering on in utter ignorance of his course, Mr. Wainfleet dismounted and led his horse, trusting to chance or to Providence to bring him safely to his journey's end, bitterly reproaching himself the while for having left his snug chambers in London to be smothered, for anything he could tell, in a snow-drift.

Fortune, however, seemed to befriend the benighted and bewildered traveller; or rather, perhaps, the instinct of his beast served him a better turn than his own unassisted reason could have accomplished. At any rate, when Mr. Wainfleet was nearly on the point of abandoning himself to despair of reaching his haven, a faint light broke through the mist and cloud of descending snow, and on hastening towards it he stumbled against a wooden fence. There was a human habitation near, then. Yes, very near; and the light shone, dimly enough, through a wide unshuttered kitchen window. Cautiously feeling his way along the top of the fence, the traveller came at length to a gate, and it was not until he had fastened his horse to a rail (small fear of his running away, however), pushed open the gate, and waded a dozen steps towards the welcome light, that he suddenly came to a full stop.

It was Joseph Barton's farm-house; and not so many hours ago he had had high words with Barton—had threatened him—was now returning from empowering the sheriff's officer to make a seizure of Barton's stock, live and dead, for rent. All this had been in the way of business, to be sure. Personally, he had no ill-will against the man; nay, he would have done him any good in his power; but Joseph Barton was not likely to see things in that light, and it would be exceedingly unpleasant to appeal to him for shelter and hospitality.

So the weary lawyer turned back again. There was one comfort, at least: he knew now where he was, and that not above a hundred yards from the farm-house

was a well-defined road, flanked by tall hedges, which, once found, would conduct him to the Grange, and so onwards, by Fairbourne Lodge, to the Priory.

He did find the road, and, once more mounting his horse, pushed on boldly, and more rapidly too; for the high hedge on the northern side had in some measure screened the road, and left it tolerably clear. And so Mr. Wainfleet passed by the broad avenue which led up to the great iron gates, with its solemn lodge, which opened into the grounds of the Grange, and in due time, by dint of whip and spur, alternating with many a "so-ho, poor brute!" he reached Fairbourne Lodge also.

Now Mr. Wainfleet might have turned up the grand avenue, roused Sir Richard Whistler's gate-keeper, and ridden straight up to the Grange, if he had chosen. He could have commanded a bed there for himself, and stabling for his horse, any night or every night in the year, if he had pleased. But this would have involved another *tête-à-tête* with the baronet. Besides, Mr. Wainfleet was both resolute and punctual. He had determined to sleep at the Priory, and had so appointed it; and was he to be turned from his purpose by a few flakes of snow?

For the same reason he would have refused to take shelter at Fairbourne Court, even if he had been a familiar acquaintance of Roger Gilbert, which he was not. They knew each other well enough, to be sure; for there were not many of the old families in that part of the county with the heads of which the law agent of Sir Richard Whistler had not at one time or other had dealings. But in general these dealings were more or less of an unfriendly character; and, unfortunately, in particular they had been so with the owner of Fairbourne Court. This was another reason, therefore, why Mr. Wainfleet would have shrunk from seeking that gentleman's hospitality.

But a bright and cheerful light shone from the window of the lodge; and there was no reason why the wearied and storm-beaten traveller should not avail himself of the temporary respite thus offered, especially as he had some knowledge of the gate-keeper and her husband. The gate stood invitingly open, and Mr. Wainfleet rode up to the door of the lodge. He knocked hard with the butt end of his whip, and the door was opened by Mrs. Gower, who some hours before had returned with her husband from the funeral of Mary Austin, and, having put Susan and the baby to bed, was having a mournful and serious chat about the solemn event of the day.

"Dear, bless me! if it isn't Mr. Wainfleet! Who would have thought of seeing you here, sir, such a night as this too?" exclaimed Mrs. Gower, when, with some difficulty, she recognised the horseman.

"Who indeed? If I were not an ass I shouldn't be here, you may rely on it."

"I don't know about that, sir; but I do know what your kindness was to-day in attending poor Mary's funeral." Here the tender-hearted woman's tears began to flow. "But do get off your horse, sir, and come in. Here, Gower" (she called her husband from the chimney-corner), "here's Mr. Wainfleet caught in a snow-storm. Come and take his horse, and put him in our wood-house." The husband made his appearance promptly, and assisted the stiffened horseman to alight. "You can't go any farther to-night, sir, without you are going up to the house."

"I am not going there, my good woman."

"We'll make you uncommon welcome here, sir," continued Mrs. Gower. "There's a bed, if you wouldn't mind homeliness, and—"

The traveller cut her short. "No no, I am going on to the Priory: all I want is to rest myself and get a good roasting by your fire."

"The Priory!" and "The Priory!" said the gate-keeper and her husband at the same instant.

"And why not the Priory, good friends?"

"Think of the time, sir," said she; and "Think of the snow, sir," said he.

The traveller was obstinate, however: it was not much past nine, he said, and he appealed to the cottage clock; he could get to the Priory by ten. And as to the snow, hadn't he come all the way from H—in the snow already? and was he going to let the snow stop him now? Nevertheless, Gower might take the horse into the wood-house, if he so pleased, and give him a rub down, if he would be so good. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," you know, good reader.

Gower took the horse into the wood-house at the back of the lodge; and the horse was glad enough, no doubt, to see anything in the semblance of a stable. Gower also began to rub down the snow-drenched horse with a wisp of straw; and the horse was glad of that too, for the friction was grateful. But Gower had not completed this act of benevolence before a loud cry from his wife made him throw down the wisp of straw and run hastily into the cottage. Then he saw the cause of the outcry. Mr. Wainfleet had become suddenly ill—had fainted, in fact. The rapid change from the bitter cold without, to which he had been exposed for several hours, to the glowing warmth of the room, had for the moment overcome the wearied and half-frozen man, who, to Mrs. Gower's great alarm, sunk prostrate on the floor.

With her husband's help the fainting man was raised, his neck wrappings were untied, a cordial (which nearly choked him, and forced abundant tears from his eyes) was poured into his mouth, and his senses soon returned. But with them came horrible cramping pains in his limbs, which made him cry out in agony; and half an hour's gentle but energetic chafing was needed before ease and comfort returned.

There was no getting on to the Priory after that. I verily believe Mr. Wainfleet would have been detained by force, had he not yielded to persuasion. So, while Mrs. Gower set about preparing the bed (her own and her husband's), and spreading it with clean, well-aired sheets, her husband turned into the wood-house again, found a bundle of straw for the horse's litter, and a measure of barley and oats mixed for its supper (on account of which Mrs. Gower's fowls had to go short of food the next day), and then he returned to entertain the unexpected guest.

RUINED OR NOT?

PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN FINANCE.

THE majority of the readers of the daily papers in this country who take an interest in the progress of affairs in America (and who, at the present moment, does not?) regard with amazement the present monetary condition of the Federal States. Here, for instance, is a paragraph from a City article of "The Times," near the close of the last fiscal year of the United States:—

"The New York advices this week contain some statistics regarding the United States debt. On the 14th ult. its total amount was £346,180,000, showing an increase of £51,500,000 in little more than fourteen weeks, or at the rate of £505,000 a day, at which rate on July 1, the end of the fiscal year, the aggregate will be £370,000,000. Of the increase during the past three

months only £11,300,000 had been from issues of stock, the remainder being in inconvertible currency. Since July last year the increase in the Government paper currency had been £60,000,000, or at the rate of about £6,000,000 a month, and the national banks within the same period had issued £3,200,000. In view of these facts, and also bearing in mind that if peace were concluded to-morrow an enormous augmentation would have to be made to wind up existing liabilities, a member of Congress recently made the following observations:—

“The debt of England pays an interest of from 3 to 3½, that of the United States from 5 to 7 per cent. The interest of our debt, estimating it at even £600,000,000, will be £36,000,000, while the interest on the British debt is £28,000,000; in other words, £36,000,000 interest money will have to be collected off our £2,200,000,000 of property, while England only collects £28,000,000 from her £6,400,000,000 of property. The burden of our interest will therefore be three times as great as that of Great Britain.”

Specie currency has, as is well known, long been suspended in the United States, even in the smallest possible monetary transactions—postage stamps actually doing duty for cents. But so long as there exists in any country a fair specie basis, the free use of paper money—though there are divers opinions as to its advisability—is perhaps of little consequence. But what is the present state of monetary affairs in the Federal States of North America? Gold, at the time we write, stands at 250—that is to say, two and a half times the value of the paper which represents it. In 1860, when the United States had no national debt, the paper dollar was worth about four shillings sterling. At present it is not worth more than one shilling and sixpence; and the probability, nay, the almost certainty, is that in another year, if the war still continues, the paper dollar will not represent more than one shilling sterling. In the course of three years the Federal States Government has created a national debt estimated to amount to considerably more than half the national debt of Great Britain, which represents the cost of wars extending over the greater portion of two centuries; and when it is recollected that the average rate of interest payable upon the American debt is certainly not less than six per cent., while the interest payable upon the British debt is three per cent., it will be seen that the Federal States debt already entails a greater burden upon the country than does the debt of Great Britain. Still, more money is demanded by the Federal Government, and more is lent. That is to say, new Government bonds of every description are being constantly offered for sale, and, to all appearance, are readily purchased. Of course the price of clothing, of provisions, of everything purchasable by money, has increased to double the former cost. Only by raising the value of their goods in proportion to the depreciation of the paper money can merchants and tradesmen afford to dispose of their stock; and of course the wages of labour—that is, of mechanical and menial labour—have risen in a similar ratio; for the war has increased the demand for labour of this class, and only by paying them in proportion to the increased cost of living can labourers be obtained. Money is abundant, so it is said, and no doubt with perfect truth; for why should not money be abundant when the printing-presses of the Federal Government can create millions of dollars by the hour? So long as it is freely passed from hand to hand, and so long as goods can be procured for it, whether at a low or high figure, paper money is as good as any other.

But it is palpable that this cannot go on for ever. The day must inevitably come when specie will be de-

manded for this tremendous influx of paper; and what will then happen? Can the Federal Government meet the demands that would be made upon it if there were a return to specie payment? Certainly not. It does not pretend that it can. The depreciation in the value of Government paper proves that it cannot; nor is it likely to be able to do so until after long years of peace and national prosperity. What, then, will be the result of the present reckless creation and equally reckless expenditure of paper money, whose only basis is on the future resources of the country, it is difficult to foresee. We, in Great Britain, can perceive nothing but national bankruptcy as the result of such a course; and that there are many in America who share these feelings of alarm and doubt, notwithstanding the readiness with which Government bonds are purchased by speculators, is evident from the tone of many of the letters and papers received from that country.

Still, there are people in the Federal States who profess to believe that the Government bonds (the national debt of the Federal States) are the only safe and profitable investment in the present inflated value of property of every description. The editor of a Philadelphia journal finds fault with what he calls the foolish fears of American capitalists, who see nothing but ruin in the future. He states that the amount of gold and silver in the country never, at the highest estimate, exceeded 300,000,000 dollars (which would give to every man, woman, and child, ten dollars, or two pounds sterling), and that the real wealth of the country, at a low estimate, amounts to 15,000,000,000 dollars. “Thus,” he says, “there was never in this country, at one time, more than two per cent. in gold and silver of its actual wealth;” and he proceeds to argue from this, that the amount of money in a country is no proof of its wealth, and that the scarcity of money—that is, of gold and silver—is no proof of poverty, and need cause no alarm while its actual wealth, the real property of the country, exists.

For example, at the present moment a house, worth 10,000 dollars in specie in 1860, is worth 25,000 dollars, or even more, in currency; and if a small capitalist with 20,000 dollars in the bank, which he cannot draw out in specie, yet which, in the face of the rapid depreciation in paper, he is afraid to allow to remain, were to buy a house at the present time for 25,000 dollars, it would only be worth 10,000 dollars on the resumption of specie payment, and the timid capitalist would consequently lose more than half his capital through his foolish fears, and his desire to *invest in property* at an inflated value. The argument so far is good, and applies to stock of any kind, at this present moment, as well as to house property.

What, then, is the timid capitalist to do? Suppose he has put into the bank 20,000 dollars in gold. Gold he cannot draw out. The banker only holds on deposit 20,000 dollars; and these dollars are now worth little more than 7500 dollars in *gold*. Very soon, perhaps, they may be worth only 5000 dollars; soon, perhaps, worth nothing at all, and the capitalist will be ruined. He must invest in something while he has any actual value to invest; and the editor of the above-mentioned journal advises him how he may invest to the best possible advantage.

“Invest in Government bonds,” he says. “Buy the 10-40’s. After the war is over they will be worth par in gold, and something over; and they pay a liberal gold interest from the beginning. If they are not safe, then no property is safe. The same spirit of anarchy that would repudiate your property in the national debt would repudiate it in your house. If the law will not

protect you in one description of property, it will not in another, and your greatest safety, as well as profit, is to support the government that maintains and supports the law."

If certain ultimate results could be positively guaranteed, this would be really good advice, and an investment in Government securities would be the safest and the most profitable, as a permanent investment, that could be made in the present condition of American affairs.

Prior to the outbreak of the war the resources of the United States were inexhaustible. With a population of some thirty millions, and a territory capable of supporting hundreds of millions; with a fertile soil capable of producing corn, grain, cotton, and other crops in sufficient abundance to supply the whole civilized world; with an abundance of mineral wealth of every description; and with a wide range of climate, that enabled them to cultivate the fruits and crops both of the torrid and temperate zones, there seemed to be no limit to their prosperity. Peculiar circumstances, such as over-trading, or reckless speculation, might, and sometimes did, lead to a temporary derangement of affairs in the great commercial emporiums of the country; but it seemed as if nothing could permanently impair their prosperity or arrest their progress.

And if now it were certain that the Southern States could be brought back to the Union, or even, letting the Southern States go, if it were certain that the Northern States would continue to exist under one firm Federal Government, extending east and west from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and north and south from the confines of Canada to the borders of Virginia, they could still rise superior to all disasters and reverses, and attain a foremost position among the nations of the earth; and, in such case, Government stock would be a secure investment, paying a most liberal interest, and available for temporary requirements in the same way as are British Consols, from the facility with which they could be bought and sold.

In spite, however, of the confident tone of the Philadelphia editor, as regards the stability and integrity of the Federal Government, the contingencies which might overthrow or render nugatory all the bright prospects of the future are so numerous, that lack of faith in the safety of Government securities is not to be wondered at. Suppose the South to set up for itself a separate independent government, how long would the great grain-producing West remain, shut out as it would be from the free navigation of the Mississippi, upon which the facility of carrying its products to market greatly depends? It would be decidedly to the interest of the West to become also independent, or even to unite with the South—at least as regards its commercial prosperity. Then the people of the great West, though wealthy and prosperous, are not possessed of a great deal of ready money, and, like most people who deal largely in barter, they like to hold fast to the money they get. They are not a tax-paying people; and when called upon to pay the enormous tax that must be levied at the end of the war, they will have another incentive to join issue with the South, or else to set up an independent republic, and thus throw off the burden of ruinous taxation. Then, the New England States are peopled by a race differing widely in many points from those of the middle and Western States, and they possess a territory quite large enough to form an independent nation. And again, there remains California and part of Oregon, peopled by an active and energetic, but reckless, erratic, and, to a certain extent, lawless race, who would be very likely, in

the event of the establishment of the independence of the South, to set up an independent republic on the shores of the Pacific, rather than submit to the burden of taxation.

It must be recollected that these are not our surmises. We are only mentioning contingencies which have been spoken of by the several peoples themselves—argued upon, threatened; and it is the firm belief of many thinking people in America that, should the South be successful in the present struggle for independence, the only way by which a complete break-up of the Federal Union, and the establishment of three, if not four independent republics in its stead, could be averted, would be by repudiating the national debt.

In that case what would become of the creditors of the Government? Is it any wonder that, with even the possibility of such a result, there should exist doubt, and fear, and trembling in the hearts of American capitalists, who see their capital decreasing in value every day, and see no way open whereby to secure themselves from ultimate ruin? Is it not rather a matter for astonishment that in the face of all these doubts and difficulties so much confidence continues to exist?

The recuperative powers of the United States of America are inexhaustible; but time, and patience, and union, are all essential to their successful action; and the Americans are not a patient people, nor is unity of feeling likely to prevail among them at the close of the war, whensoever that much to be desired event may come about.

There is less doubt as to other assertions of the Philadelphia editor, such as, that as the money in a country does not represent the actual wealth of the country, therefore there is no fear that the real property of the country will be destroyed in consequence of the paucity of specie. At the present period property is rated at a fictitious value in consequence of the increased value of gold, which alone can represent it; but time will restore the balance. Again, he offers good advice when he tells people who are in debt to pay their debts while paper money is plentiful. A debt of 1000 dollars incurred before the war can now be paid by 1000 dollars in paper, worth now little more than 400 dollars—a very good thing for those who have money wherewith to pay their old debts, but not a very good thing for the unfortunate creditor.

It is certainly the duty of a true patriot to support the government of his country to the utmost extent of his ability; but, despite the arguments of the editor in question, the very fact that gold has increased so alarmingly in value, and is still increasing, goes to disprove his statements, and the fact that hitherto the interest upon Government securities has been faithfully paid in gold, or in the value of gold, is no proof whatever of the value of these securities, since, if the interest had not been paid—at any cost to Government—there would have been, long ere now, an end to the loans.

With the political aspects we do not meddle; but the condition of financial affairs comes home to British subjects as well as American citizens.

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

RECENT events, unhappily of a warlike nature, continue to bring New Zealand and its native population prominently before the world. That group of islands at our antipodes has been designated "the British Isles of the Southern Hemisphere," with considerable propriety, chiefly on account of their geographical position. If we extend the comparison to their aboriginal inhabitants,

and look from an ethnological point of view, they present a striking resemblance to this country in its pristine age, when the ancient Britons roamed through the primeval forests; and, to make the analogy complete in an historical sense, events have occurred, and are now transpiring, in that distant region, similar to what are recorded in the early annals of Britain during the Roman invasion. The student of history will find, in the ac-

first war, in 1844, that lasted four years, when Honi Heki and Rauparaha were thoroughly subdued, and the Maoris generally pacified under the humane policy of Governor Sir George Grey, the adult males, having impoverished themselves by the war, had a difficulty in obtaining the means of subsistence. Consequently, the Government employed them in making roads in the vicinity of Auckland, and a native armed police was enrolled. These



THE WAIKATO, FROM MARONGATAHIE. (From a photograph.)

counts of the hostile opposition of Caractacus and his countrymen to the Roman legions, the parallel to the Maori chiefs and their followers resisting the subjugation of their tribes and conquest of the country by British troops. Future native-born artists will doubtless find subjects for their pencil in the British invasion of New Zealand, as ours have done in the Roman invasion of Britain. A counterpart of the siege of Novum Castellum, in East Anglia, may be produced in a picture of the capture and storming of Rangariri; while the cartoon of Caractacus in fetters before the Roman consul may be appropriately renewed in a representation of King Pota-tau before the English general at Ngaruawahia, on the Waikato.

In the subjoined engravings our artist has depicted the country around that stronghold of the Maoris, showing its general aspect and that of the Waikato River, where the most powerful and wealthy tribes are located. At the outbreak of the present war, at Taranaki, in 1860, the Waikatos kept aloof from the insurrection for nearly a year; not, as it has turned out, from want of sympathy with the movement, but because they possessed a large amount of property in their "pahs" and villages which they were unwilling to sacrifice. Some idea of their prosperous condition may be gathered from the fact that they had many flour-mills at work, driven by wind and water, and superintended by Englishmen, which ground the wheat grown by themselves, to be sold in the Auckland market. At last the war became general, and the Waikatos proved to be the most formidable opponents of the British troops, on account of their greater skill in military evolutions and use of arms, derived from their enemies, which happened in this manner:—After the

were regularly drilled by noncommissioned officers from the army, and under their tuition displayed great aptitude for military exercises. In a very short time an efficient corps was formed, which, as irregulars, would compare favourably with the Sepoys in India. However, this body of disciplined Maoris lacked unity and strength, as the men could not be induced to engage for a compulsory term of service. It was remarked at the time, that as soon as one was well up in his drill he would leave suddenly on a pay-day, delivering up his musket and accoutrements. Still, there was no difficulty in getting new recruits. But this continued desertion and recruiting became troublesome, and the force was disbanded; not, be it observed, until a large number of the bravest warriors from the tribes on the Waikato River and adjacent districts knew sufficient of European drill and the use of the musket to be able to teach others. Those who understood the Maori character well, saw in this movement the elements of future mischief, and that the Government were training up the natives to the use of arms that would be more effectually turned against the troops than was the case in their undisciplined hands at Kororareka and Wogari.

Warnings on this head, communicated to the military authorities, were pooh-poohed, and the advice of experienced travellers and residents amongst the Maoris in the interior passed unheeded. Even when this second insurrection broke out the British officers scouted the idea of treating the natives other than a miserable lot of "niggers," as they contemptuously called them. The writer of this article was in Melbourne at the time reinforcements were sent from there to Taranaki, under the command of General Pratt, who was seriously ad-

vised, by colonists who had been resident in New Zealand, to take care and not underrate his enemy, as Colonel Despard had done in the first war. But he and his officers, as usual, were so confident in the valour of the troops, and their superior appliances for war, that they looked with contempt upon any resistance to be met. What was the result? At the first brush more soldiers were killed and wounded than Maoris; and in subsequent

expenses of this war to the British nation were not less than one and a half millions sterling in 1863, and during each of the three previous years over a million; so that already five millions have been paid out of the national purse, without any definite result at the time we write.

Among the numerous conflicts in this Maori campaign there is one, surrounded by circumstances charac-



NGARUAWAHIA, ON THE WAIKATO RIVER, NEW ZEALAND. (From a photograph.)

engagements the forces, aided by volunteers from the settlers, had a difficulty in holding their own.

After a futile campaign among the fastnesses of the enemy, General Pratt returned to Australia. He was succeeded by other commanders not more competent to cope with a determined and skilful foe; so that our Government despatched General Cameron to the scene of action, with further reinforcements from India, where he had gained laurels in native warfare. That general has in a measure acknowledged the prowess and indomitable courage of his adversary; for he not only brings into the field man for man, but frequently has double and treble the enemy's number of men, to be sure of a victory. During the late campaign he brought the entire land force under his command, with the aid of a naval brigade and a gunboat built in Sydney, named the "Pioneer," into the Waikato River, and attacked Meré Meré, the chief stronghold, on his route. This was evacuated by the enemy. Pushing forward, he overtook the fugitives, who fought gallantly, until he reached Rangariri, a native fort or "pah" of unusual strength; and well garrisoned. Here a sanguinary engagement took place, with considerable loss on both sides; but the British troops were victorious, while those left in the garrison surrendered. After this success General Cameron occupied the Maori king's "pah," an advantageous position on the Waikato, called Ngaruawahia, which forms the subject of one of our woodcuts, with the colonial-built gunboat navigating the river. Another armed steamer, named the "Avon," assisted the "Pioneer" in towing up barges with commissariat stores, exclusive of the land transport service, which employed 1500 horses at the cost of £1000 per day. It has been calculated that the

teristic of the guerrilla style of warfare carried on, that is worth recording. This took place at the junction of the Manga-piko River with the Waipa, which is the same stream as the Waikato, only a branch higher up. Here a detachment of infantry under Sir Henry Havelock were quartered close by the river, where they frequently went to bathe, notwithstanding the presence of Maoris on the opposite bank, whom they jocularly threatened by shaking their towels at them. One afternoon these bathers while in the water were greeted with a volley from the enemy. It may be supposed that they did not remain long there, but rushed to the camp, dressed, armed, and speedily attacked their assailants, who were reinforced to the extent of about two hundred men. The troops were also strengthened by arrivals from other stations close at hand. A smart skirmish ensued, during which the soldiers crossed the river on a narrow plank bridge, where the banks were precipitous, and pursued the Maoris up the tributary stream, where they kept retreating along both banks, after having endeavoured to lead the troops into an ambuscade. The fighting continued until it was dark, frequently in hand-to-hand encounters, when thirty-five Maoris were reported killed and wounded, and our loss six killed and five wounded. Captain Heaphy, of the Auckland Volunteer Corps, being on the spot, took charge of a party, and behaved so gallantly that the Governor presented him with a rifle in recognition of his services.

It was supposed, after the capture of Rangariri, and the occupation of Ngaruawahia, that a general surrender would take place, and this desolating war be brought to a close. On the contrary, the unsubdued tribes were, if anything, more stubborn in their resistance than before,

and a fierce encounter took place in the Upper or Waipa district, which resulted in the defeat of the insurgents with great loss. This action occurred on the 31st March last, at Orakau Pah, where 300 well-armed Maoris, led by a brave chief named Rewi, were resolved to fight to the last man rather than surrender. The force brought for the reduction of this stronghold consisted of 1500 troops, including a detachment of artillery with two field-pieces, under the command of Brigadier-General Carey. With a force of five to one against the enemy it was confidently expected that the storming and capture of Orakau Pah, with its garrison, would be an easy affair. But the place was strong, and its defenders warriors. A sap was made, guns put in position, and the most skilful appliances of military engineering used against the place. For a whole day these 1500 troops blazed away with shot, shell, grape, canister, and hand-grenades, with a continuous discharge of musketry, expending no less than 40,000 rounds of Enfield ammunition, and yet the Maoris would not yield, but returned the fire with vigour, until night closed on the scene, when it slackened. Next day the attack was renewed, when General Cameron and staff arrived, who, in admiration of the enemy's valour, fighting against such odds, held a parley with them through the Government interpreters, proposing that they should surrender. "The firing ceased for a few minutes, and the natives, being called to give their attention, were informed that these were the words of the General: he had seen their great bravery and admired it; but that, if they continued fighting, they must all be killed; he would therefore ask them to surrender, and they would be treated well. A chief answered, 'E woa ma, te kupu tenei, a te Maori: ka whawhai tonu ake! ake! ake!' signifying, 'Friends, this is the word of the Maori: they will fight on for ever! for ever! for ever!'" The fight was renewed, and continued until the afternoon, during which the besiegers were once repulsed with loss amongst officers and men. But the ammunition of the defenders became expended, and the sap was cut close up to the palisading of the "pah," when its defenders deemed it prudent to effect an escape. This they succeeded in doing, notwithstanding the vigilance of their enemies, who dashed off in pursuit with a detachment of mounted artillery, which cut off the retreat of a large number endeavouring to cross a swamp, where they were shot down. Altogether, upwards of a hundred and fifty Maoris were killed and thirty-three taken prisoners, of whom twenty-six were wounded. The chief, Rewi, and the remainder, escaped. Such victories do not reflect much glory on British arms.

We have dwelt longer upon these sanguinary accounts from the seat of war in New Zealand than our limited space warrants, or inclination would dictate, were it not our object to show that, from a dispute about land and territorial rights, this lamentable conflict has merged into a war of races. On the one hand the Government troops and volunteers are rapidly exterminating the aboriginal possessors of the soil, and settling upon their lands; and on the other side it is a gallant and determined struggle for existence. Like our forefathers of old, they are defending their hearths and homes; and callous must be that heart which does not throb with pity at the prospect of their extirpation. In sorrow and in pain do we record these things at the hands of our countrymen and by the sanction of our Government.

But we are told that this war is one of necessity, for the preservation of our colonies in that region; and the murders committed on the colonists by these savages demand this amount of retribution. Let it be remembered, at the same time, that many settlers have fallen

victims to revenge or cupidity, and that there are bad men among the Maori population. But are there not such in every community? From our practical knowledge of New Zealand, and the state of crime in that country, it will compare favourably with many civilized nations; and many of the crimes committed on the settlers have been provoked by their own conduct towards the Maoris. One of the causes which led to the strife between the emigrants and the aborigines in the first instance, was the number of unprincipled men who came in contact with them, especially those of the lower classes from the Australian colonies. The shrewd and proud Maoris soon saw what kind of people they were, and treated them with deserved contumely. This begat ill-feeling, and has ended in the bitterest animosity against those who had come to usurp their lands. At one time it was supposed that a friendly amalgamation, if not consanguinity, of the two races would be the result of colonization; but that now is an impossibility. Hatred and revenge, we fear, for the future, will bring them often into collision. The Maori sees that if a hollow peace were concluded, he could never again hold his independent position: he must become the slave of the *Pakeha*. Rather than submit to the humiliating terms proposed by the Government, his proud spirit deems it better to die in defence of his native land, than his spirit may be at rest in the happy regions of the *Aton*.

In prosecuting this war of extermination a heavy responsibility falls upon the imperial as well as the local Government. It has been through the shortcomings of incompetent and selfish officials that it has chiefly reached its present gigantic proportions. Had the administration of affairs after the first war been in accordance with the Treaty of Waitangi, and the judicious regulations for the management of the native population, laid down by Governor Grey, been enforced, nothing of this overwhelming nature would have occurred. But these matters were too much neglected by the protectors of the aborigines, who treated their charge with contempt until they threw off the yoke of their foreign masters and raised the standard of a native king. Sir George Grey returned to the scene of his labours, but he arrived too late. The pacific inclinations of the native tribes, with whom he had formerly concluded treaties, were changed, and the rank weeds of war had grown apace, because his intermediate successors had neglected to pluck them up by the roots. All now is a tangled wilderness, and the blood of thousands has reddened the homes of natives and settlers, which might have been prevented by timely conciliations and a just regard for the rights of the Maori population.

A VISIT TO POTOSI IN 1862.

FRESH from Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Peru"—in which the vast treasures found by the Spaniards on entering that country are enhanced by the glowing pen of the writer—and with the memory of numerous pieces of mine machinery and packing-cases which I had seen a few weeks before lying valueless in Tacna, inscribed with the title "Potosi Mining Company," and, I believe, the last remnants of one of the great bubble schemes of the year 1828, it was with some feelings of interest that I viewed for the first time the far-famed city of Potosi, as my mule crept around a steep mountain on the road from Chuquisaca, to visit the most celebrated silver mines of America. It is difficult to describe the pleasure with which one hails the sight of a town, after many weary days of travel in a country

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like South America, where everything is of such stupendous magnitude that the eye becomes weary of gazing. My experience, after some considerable travelling on the west coast of South America, differs considerably from that given by Sir Francis Head in the journal of his gallops across the Pampas of the eastern coast, which is certainly among the most entertaining accounts of a monotonous journey ever written. The astonishingly short space of time in which he tells us he accomplished the distance from Buenos Ayres to Santiago seems almost to approach the fabulous. Certainly the quality of the roads, and the physical character of the country, must have been very different from that of Peru, or such speed would have been impossible. It is true that along the most frequented roads there are in Bolivia, as in the Argentine Confederation, the scene of Head's travels, houses at distances varying from five to ten leagues, where mules and guides may be at all hours obtained by those who do not travel with their own animals. Despite, however, these continued relays, the mountainous character of most parts of Bolivia effectually prevents the traveller from attaining any great speed.

My object in undertaking a tour of Bolivia was to examine mines and mineral property; and being thus in the execution of my work continually obliged to deviate from the post roads, and as the postmasters may refuse to send their animals on any but post roads, I had purchased, on starting from the coast, four mules, one for my own riding, a second for my servant, and two to carry cargoes. The weariness of riding day after day, at a pace seldom exceeding five miles an hour, can hardly be conceived but by those who have experienced it; and often have I thought how delightful it would have been to exchange my position in the saddle for a lounge in even the lumbering vehicle in which Head describes he accomplished so much of his tour. There were, however, times when the grandeur of the scenery, and the exciting incidents of the road, compensated for all our difficulties. Especially had this been the case in our trip from Chuquisaca—one hour picking our way through a river torrent; another, scrambling through a mountain defile, and up its steep sides, studded with flowering shrubs of tropical magnificence; until, as we gradually ascended to the snowy regions, the intricacy of the way added to the excitement; and often I trembled as I watched the cargo-mules, laden with their bulky load, creeping along a narrow path, the slightest deviation from which would have been certain destruction to the beast, and loss of the cargo. After six months' almost continual travel on mule-back, I found that our average distance ridden over was twelve leagues per day, and that the average time required to accomplish this was eight hours.

At this slow pace, and at the head of the small cavalcade I have described, I came in view of the city of Potosi. At a distance of about four miles, opened out to us, our road, which had hitherto been little more than a mountain track, broke suddenly into a broad, well-kept highway, almost rivalling a good English turnpike. With a wild shout of joy from myself and servant, at the sight of our destination, the mules broke into a gallop, and our wearied spirits became exhilarated by the unmistakable signs of the approaching habitations of man. The most striking feature in the city that lay before us was the extraordinary preponderance of church towers, amongst which rose conspicuous the lofty spire of the new cathedral. As we neared the entrance to the town I was struck with the many evidences of former opulence and grandeur displayed in the innumerable

decaying archways and crumbling walls to be seen on every side. This impression was, however, soon dispelled after we got into the city. Our olfactory organs were outraged by the horrible odours that filled the air, and the mules stumbled and slid along the greasy, narrow, and irregular streets, and with difficulty avoided falling over the numerous pigs that roamed at large. In a few minutes we arrived in sight of the public "tambo," or inn. Entering through a lofty portal, we found ourselves in a large, quadrangular, paved yard, in the midst of which was a large fountain of clear water, to quench the thirst of both man and beast. A busy scene surrounded us: here a muleteer loading his beasts with produce for the coast, and there a herd just arrived and being relieved of their burdens. This continuous bustle, and the noise of the neighing mules at each fresh arrival, with the screaming of their drivers, made the scene a most extraordinary one.

On application to the porter, the only servant in the inn, to provide me with a room, he informed me that there were ninety for me to choose from, in the two stories of the building surrounding the yard. He opened the door of a near one, on the ground-floor, and told me it was the best on that tier: its appearance was certainly not inviting. Picture a room about fifteen feet square, built of mud walls, with mud floor, no furniture but a raised dais at one end, to place a bed on, and with no outlet for air, nor inlet for light, but the crazy, imperfectly sheltering door through which we entered, and you will have a fair idea of what the porter termed a most beautiful bed-room. I shuddered, and begged to be shown the abodes on the upper tier. We mounted a carved staircase at the end of the yard, and found ourselves in a balcony surrounding the building, and into which the doors of the several dormitories opened. In these I found a great improvement: the floors of the rooms were of wood, and most of them had a window, and all were furnished with a bedstead and chair, more picturesque than luxurious. After entering several, I engaged one for a week, at the rate of two-and-sixpence per day. This sum included the use of a separate "coral," or yard for the mules.

Leaving the animals and cargoes to the care of my servant, I issued forth, as it was just getting dark, to obtain some food; for the traveller in Bolivia cannot get provisions in the inns, and I had tasted nothing for the last twelve hours. After many inquiries, I was directed to a *café* kept by a Frenchman, who, if he ever had any knowledge of his art, did not certainly sustain the universally high reputation of his nation as masters of the *cuisine*. After partaking of an atrocious imitation of tough beef-steak, with a miserable cup of coffee, I hastened back to the inn, to release my servant to get his meal. In his absence, by means of a spirit-lamp I managed to heat some water, and after a good glass of negus went to bed, not to dream of El Dorado and inexhaustible piles of silver, but to be troubled with a most terrible nightmare. Lying awake, I watched the morning break bright and clear, with the thermometer in my bed-room standing 25° Fahrenheit. I got up and hastened out of my cheerless bed-room for a walk.

The great elevation of Potosi above the sea level, viz., 13,600 feet, makes it a most unpleasant residence for Europeans. The extraordinary rarity of the air at this altitude induces a shortness of breath, called "*saroche*," and which even the natives are liable to. If, however, there is this drawback, the clearness with which distant objects may be seen in this rarefied atmosphere compensates for a great deal. Never shall I forget my first

view of the celebrated mountain of Potosi. Running along one of the narrow streets, I suddenly found myself in the open plain, and almost from my feet rose, towering 4000 feet above me, this glorious monster. Tunnelled and mined in almost every direction, and with the refuse from these workings scattered over almost its whole surface, and lending great variety of hues and colours to its sides, appeared the mountain of Potosi, with its summit entirely enveloped in a cloud. I longed to be scrambling up it; but, knowing that it would be absurd to attempt it alone, I hastened to present the letters of introduction I had brought with me. One of these was to the richest man and most celebrated miner in Potosi, he not long before having bought half the mines in the mountain. I found him in one of his large silver amalgamating works, just sitting down to breakfast with his clerks and foremen. After reading the letter of introduction I gave him, he welcomed me most kindly, and invited me to join in their repast, which I most willingly did. The first course served was soup, not of a very refined quality, but substantial. Its principal ingredients were chops of mutton and sliced potatoes. This dish, which precedes all others at breakfast and dinner in Bolivia, is called "chupe," and always struck me as being a very inferior sort of Irish stew. Having, notwithstanding its washy character, done good justice to it, there followed a second course of beef-steaks and fried eggs, served as well as such dishes generally are in England. To conclude the meal we had a cup of excellent coffee, with a cigarette. After this the company broke up to return to their duties, and I joined my host in a walk around his works.

The method adopted in Potosi for the extraction of the silver from its ore is almost identical with that employed in Mexico for the same purpose. There are, however, one or two peculiarities in the amalgamation of the Bolivian silver ores, to explain which it will be necessary to describe the different stages of the process, and I will, therefore, attempt to give a short sketch of the process as carried out in the works of my friend and host. The ores to be treated are sulphides of silver and copper mixed with a large quantity of mundic. In the upper parts of the veins there is a capping, or gossan, as the miners term it in England, in which the silver ore is combined, not with mundic, but with a ferruginous clay. We have, then, two distinct classes of ore to treat, one with mundic or sulphide of iron, the other without. The richness of the first class, viz., those with mundic, is far greater than the richness of the gossans, or, as they are termed in Potosi, pajos. The methods employed for the extraction of the silver from these two classes of ore are entirely different. In the case of the richer ores, that is, of those yielding from 100 to 300 ounces of silver per ton, a preliminary roasting is necessary previous to the admixture of the mercury; whereas in the case of the poorer ores, that is, of those containing from 40 to 100 ounces of silver per ton, no calcination is required, and the mercury may be amalgamated directly with them. The time required for the amalgamation of these two varieties of silver ore is as different as the character of the ores to be treated. In the one case, that of the richer ores, it takes but four days to separate the silver; in the other it takes more than one month. Whatever be the quality of the ore, it is necessary in all cases to reduce it to a fine powder; and as the admixture of water would involve great labour in the collection of the finely triturated powder, besides effecting great chemical change, dry stamping is preferred, and to this the ores are submitted until reduced to an impalpable powder. Thus far the treatment is identical, but from this point

it diverges widely. Let us first follow the richer ores to the roasting-ovens, where they are calcined, to expel the excess of sulphur they contain, and where, with an admixture of 15 per cent. of salt, the ore is roasted until it no longer gives off fumes.

Being thoroughly calcined, the charge is then taken from the furnace and allowed to cool. The next stage of the process is the amalgamation of the ore with mercury. To effect this there are iron pots heated with fires underneath, four pots being arranged around each fire. When the pots become warm 2 cwt. of the calcined ore with a little salt is thrown into each, and a workman is placed over each, provided with a long wooden pole, with which he continually stirs the mass until it boils thoroughly. At this stage the mercury is added in small quantities at a time, and the state of the mass is tested by removing a small quantity from the bottom of the pot and rubbing it with the finger on a wooden platter. If the bright particles on being pressed adhere in one continuous plate, the amount of mercury added is considered sufficient. Immediately this desired point is attained the whole mass is transferred into a stone trough, and thoroughly washed by a continuous current of water until nothing but the amalgamated mass of silver and mercury remains. Being removed from the trough, the amalgam is pressed in moulds, and from the masses thus obtained the mercury is expelled by heat, and the silver is left in its marketable form. The whole of this process need not occupy more than four days.

Having thus seen how the richer ores are treated, let us see how the silver is obtained from the finely powdered pajos. No roasting is here required, but the mass is directly placed in large, flat, circular basins, built of stone, 1 foot high and 24 feet in diameter. Into these 10 tons of ore, averaging 80 ounces of silver per ton, are put, and with the mass, by means of hoes, is thoroughly mixed 8 per cent. of salt and 100 pounds of mercury. The whole is then allowed to rest for two days, when sufficient water is added to make it of the consistency of liquid paste. Now commences the amalgamation. The means by which this is accomplished is very simple. A pole with numerous arms is placed across the circle and just above the ore. One end of the pole is attached to a stone fixed in the centre of the circle, and the other forms the axle of a wheel outside the circle, and which wheel is continually drawn around it by a mule. In its revolutions the wheel causes the arms to revolve, and thus the mass is kept in continual motion for a month. From time to time mercury is added in small quantities, and the manager tests the condition of the heap, as with the richer ores, until the same features are observed as before described. The whole heap is then washed as before. In the examination of these works I spent a most pleasant morning, and on leaving arranged with my host to explore the mountain and visit his mines the following day.

According to appointment, then, the next day I presented myself on mule-back at his house, and, his beast being already saddled, we started. Now it is one thing to describe the ascent of such a mountain as that of Potosi, and another thing to accomplish it. Endless seem the turnings, and tediously slow the pace at which the mules walk, and it is not safe to press them beyond their own pace, as they often die if overpressed. The time occupied in the ascent of this particular mountain, although nearly three hours, seemed short, as my companion entertained me with records of the once palmy days of Potosi. He told me that the city in those times contained a population of 160,000 souls, and that there were of this number 15,000 continually at work in the mines. Enormous was the

amount of silver exported from Peru to Europe at that time, the bulk of which was obtained from this district alone. The silver was never found native, but always as one of either of the two classes of ore I have mentioned. To extract the native metal from its mineralized condition was the work of the silver amalgamating companies, of which there were in those days sixty-four. To supply Potosi with the vast number of workmen requisite to develop this great source of the Spanish revenue, a law was enforced by the viceroy that every able-bodied man in Peru should serve as a labourer for three years in the mines of Potosi. One's ears tingled at the terrible tales of murderous marches by Spanish soldiers on Indian villages, and at the brutality with which the male part of the inhabitants were driven at the point of the sword from the sunny valleys of the north to the inhospitable regions of the south; and one wondered that the natives should have so long succumbed, when their numbers so far exceeded that of their conquerors.

As we came to the base of the mountain we passed the crumbling walls of an enormous quadrangular yard, which my companion told me was inclosed by the Spaniards, and that around its interior were originally sixty-eight rooms, one for each of the sixty-four owners of the silver amalgamating works, and four for the Spanish judges, who decided any cases of dispute. By law the master of each of the amalgamating companies was compelled to appear every Monday, and then and there to pay all the Indians engaged in his mines and works at the uniform rate of three reals per day. This pay, although sufficient to prevent the labourers from starving, was not enough to clothe and feed them properly.

After passing this yard, the road which we had hitherto travelled over became no other than a track over the refuse thrown out from the mines. Creeping along, however, we at last arrived at a platform, on which was a quantity of ore just brought from a hole leading horizontally into the mountain. Here we dismounted; and hardly had I time to look around than out of the hole trooped a file of donkeys, the leader carrying a lamp and the rest following suit, and urged on by the energetic persuasion of a half-clad Indian. The hole, I should add, was about five feet high and four feet wide. Each donkey carried a pair of panniers filled with ore, which the driver rapidly emptied into a heap, re-entering the hole with his troop. As may be supposed, the consumption of donkeys is here tremendous, and the supply of these animals is obtained from the northern parts of Bolivia. It would be of little interest to the reader to take him through the dark windings of the passage travelled by the donkeys: let it be sufficient here to say that the hole leads by a passage to the vein, where men dig out the ore and send it to the mouth of the mine to be picked, and that from thence it is sent to the works to be amalgamated. Now of such workings as these, call them mines if you like, there are many hundreds in the mountain of Potosi; it would therefore be but repetition to describe them further. I will only add that the silver ore has been derived from three principal veins, on one or other of which all the mines of Potosi have been opened. Very few, however, of these mines are now being worked, from the great falling off in the richness of the veins as they have been worked on in depth. That their wealth is exhausted I cannot believe; but this I am certain of, that there are few miners in Peru sufficiently rich to test the quality of the veins to any depth from the present workings. My companion proposed that we should go to the

very summit of the mountain to see the view. The temptation of this offer was too great to be withstood, and we toiled on foot to the highest peak, where the awful grandeur of the scene around us seems even now as I write too sublime for human description. Stretching away into the hazy distance rose peak after peak of the snow-clad Cordillera, the summits of which seemed towering to heaven, and the majesty of their appearance overwhelmingly sublime. Almost dizzy with the sight, we clambered back to our mules, and from thence returned to the town. A few days afterwards I left Potosi; but the scenes I there saw I shall never forget.

HER MAJESTY'S TRAINING SHIPS FOR BOYS FOR THE ROYAL NAVY.

IN answer to several inquiries respecting the steps to be taken to enable boys to enter on board these ships,* we may state that candidates may offer themselves on board any one of the coast-guard ships stationed along the coast, or any one of the training ships stationed respectively at Southampton, Chatham, Devonport, Portsmouth, or H.M.S. "Fisgard," at Woolwich. But, to prevent the disappointment of not being accepted, it may be well to call attention to the following regulations for entry, noncompliance with any one of which is a disqualification:—

Age must be between 14½ and 16.

Height, under 15 years, 4 ft. 8 in.; under 16, 4 ft. 10 in.

Minimum circumference round the chest, 27 in.

To be sound in limb and healthy, able to pass a strict medical examination.

To be able to read and write.

To have consent of parent or guardian, as shown in the following certificate, which will have to be properly filled up before a boy is permanently entered:—

I hereby certify that my son, _____, has my full consent (being himself willing) to enter Her Majesty's Navy for a period of Ten Years' Continuous and General Service, from the age of 13, in addition to whatever period may be necessary until he attain that age, agreeably to Her Majesty's Order in Council, dated 1st April, '53, and the Admiralty Regulations of the 14th June, '53, relating thereto, and that he has never had fits.

Witness our hands at _____

day of _____

186 _____

Date of Boy's Birth, _____

Parent's Signature _____ or, if dead, _____

Boy's Signature of consent, and who further declares _____

that he is not indentured as an apprentice.

Witness,

A certificate from a clergyman or schoolmaster regarding the boy's general character is desirable.

In addition to the advantages arising from the moral, religious, and secular education received aboard these ships, the following table will show the advantages offered to youth in a pecuniary point of view. At 18 a boy may, by good conduct and attention to his work, be an able seaman; and if he does not succeed in becoming a warrant officer at 21, still the rating of petty officer may be attained, and his chance of eventually becoming a warrant officer is open to him till the age of 35. It may also be well to mention that, from date of entry till the age of 28, he will be uninterruptedly in receipt of full pay, the six or eight weeks' leave at the end of each three years' cruise being included both for time and pay.

The highest rate of pay of each rank is obtained by good conduct, and the highest ranks are sure to be reached by those who are attentive to their duties, and who conduct themselves with discretion.

* Described in "The Leisure Hour," No. 650.

Pay and Pension for Boys, Seamen, Petty and Warrant Officers of Her Majesty's Navy, in addition to Provisions, gratuitous Bedding, etc.

Rank and Rating.	Age.	Yearly Pay.		Pensions for Life after 20 Years' Service.
		Lowest.	Highest.	
2nd class boy on first entry	14½ to 16	£ s. d. 9 2 6	£ s. d. — — —	
1st class boy at sea . .	16 to 18	10 2 11	— — —	
Ordinary seaman . . .	18	22 16 3	— — —	
Able seaman	18	28 17 11	34 19 7	From £15 4s. 2d. to £31 4s. 2d., according to time served as petty officer.
Ditto	21	31 18 9	36 10 2	
Ditto	26	33 9 2	38 0 7	
Ditto	31	34 19 7	39 11 2	
Leading seaman	about 25	31 18 9	42 11 8	
2nd class petty officer .	21	34 19 7	45 12 6	
1st class petty officer .	21 to 25	39 10 10	50 3 9	Pension on retirement, from £60 to £100. Pension to widows, £25.
Chief petty officer . .	about 30	44 2 1	63 17 6	
Warrant officer . . .	21 to 35	73 0 0	127 15 0	
Chief warrant officer .	—	164 5 0	—	

If after his 28th year, *i.e.*, after his 10th year as a seaman, a man decides on serving for ten more years, at the age of 38 he will be allowed to retire with a pension for life, according to his rank, and which has increased according to the number of years served in that rank.

If any candidate wishes for further information, we know from experience that the commanding officer and chaplain of H.M.S. "Boscawen," at Southampton, are always ready to answer any questions and supply printed forms to be filled up; and doubtless the commanding officers of the other training ships will be happy to do the same.

Original Fables.

THE WILLOW-STUMP AND THE FINGER-POST.

"How wise I am!" cried the Finger-post to a Willow-stump by his side.

"Are you?" said the Willow.

"Am I?" indignantly retorted the Post. "Do you see my arms? are not the name of the great town, the road to it, and the distance from it, plainly written there?"

"Ah, yes!" said the Willow.

"Then you must acknowledge how superior I am to you. Why, I am a public teacher."

"True indeed," answered the Willow, "and learned you are; but, as to wisdom, I see little difference between you and me. You know the way to the city, I believe, and are the means of enabling many to find it; but here you have stood these twenty years, and I don't see that you have got a step farther on the road than I have, who don't profess to understand anything about it."

BAD TILLAGE.

The husbandman complained that the fields were bare, the crops evil and scanty.

"Why is it thus?" he asked. "The fields are as they ever were—no worse, neither more sterile, corrupt, nor stony than of old time. The seed is as good as the seed of other days: the same earth, the same seed. Why not the same harvest?"

Then the labourers were silent, and the husbandman was grieved and angry; and he said, "It is the *tillage* that is faulty. Look to it: of you I require it."

NOT THE FAULT OF THE TRUMPET.

"You are a poor, uncertain thing, after all," said the Drum to the Trumpet. "Sometimes you make a fine sound, so that

you can set an army in action, and inspire them to victory; at others you give forth such faint and trembling notes, that if the hearers don't go to sleep it's a wonder. Oh, you are a poor, uncertain thing!"

"Blame me not," said the Trumpet. "I am ever the same. The music I can make is not always called forth, indeed; but the blame is on the mouth that pretends to sound me, without having knowledge, strength, or experience to do it."

A LIVING DOG BETTER THAN A DEAD LION.

THERE was a lion's image carved in stone, fierce and terrible. It frowned and looked sternly as it couched before the palace gate.

"Is he not great, mighty, and awful?" asked one who stood by, of a poor low-bred dog that looked, but unconcernedly, on the image.

"He represents what is great, indeed," answered the dog, "and if he were alive, I should be terribly afraid of him; but as he is not alive, and I am, though I am but a poor, contemptible dog, I consider that I am more to be envied and respected of the two; for what is a fine outside show, pray, if it's ever so fine, without any life within?"

BEWARE OF THE FOWLER.

"WHITHER so fast?" said a Dove to a bird flying swiftly onward. "Turn, I pray you, and rest on this bough: your eyes are dull, your plumage is ruffled, and your wings, I see, are weary."

"I dare not, I dare not!" answered the fluttering bird: "I go to my mate and my young ones, to my friends and my neighbours, to warn them and save them from what I have escaped."

"What will you warn them against? What have you escaped?" asked the Dove.

"I will warn them from the net of the Fowler; for that have I but now escaped," said the trembling bird.

"Oh, terrible! and what was it like?" asked the Dove.

"It was spread among flowers, and fair grain lay on it, and I thought it was a pleasant place, and that I might revel in abundance, and I flew towards it, and should have entered, had not a kite hovering above alarmed me. I was angry with the kite, and bitterly I reproached him in my heart; but before I had turned my wing I saw the net drawn up and all within it made captive."

"But now you are safe, the danger is far away: why not rest by my side?"

"I am safe, but my mate and my young ones, my friends and my neighbours, they must be warned: I hasten to tell them."

"I see not why so much speed is needful. I see not why you should tremble now that the danger is past, why your heart should still beat fast and your foot cannot rest until you have told your story."

"Ah, poor Dove!" cried the bird, "it is plain you have never felt what I feel. You may indeed have been near the net, but you did not know it, nor fear it. Remember me, and beware."

"Oh, I am not going near danger, believe me," said the Dove, innocently.

"Alas! we know not when that is near, nor where the net is not spread. The toils are so artful, the meshes so hidden, you would never suspect your danger. Keep, I pray you, to the dove-cot and the food there provided, and let not your eye rove after strange food, even if it is good and lies among flowers."

The Dove looked after the bird as he hastened away; and though he had heard his words, and seen his earnestness, he wondered at his determined flight. But the bird, as he sped onward, had the terrible net in his eye and on his heart, and rested not until he had gained his home and charged his mate and his young ones, his friends and his neighbours, to beware of the Fowler.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'll master it," said the Axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the Saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backwards and forwards on its surface till they were all worn down or broken: then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the Hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed: I'll show you the way;" but at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist Love.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

"How stupid you look, always staring straight up into the sky: what can you see there?" asked the Buttercups of the Daisies.

"See! oh, we see the sun in his strength, and the glories of day, and the soft summer clouds, and the grand thunderstorms, and wonders and beauties beyond description," answered the Daisies.

"But you are stiff-necked by it, and all the field laughs at you," said the Buttercups.

"We don't mind about it," said the Daisies.

"What poor, mean-looking things the Cardamines are! Don't you think so?" asked the Buttercups.

"Are they?" asked the Daisies, in reply.

"Shocking; but it would be better to be like *them* than those clumsy Clover Blossoms—don't you think so?" asked the Buttercups.

"Can't say, indeed," replied the Daisies.

"As to those flaunting Campions, well! they are bold, standing so tall and holding their heads so high: wouldn't you be ashamed to be like them?"

"Friends," said the Daisies, "be advised: it may seem stupid to be always staring at the sky, but it is very plain that, if you would follow our example and do it, you would escape seeing much that disquiets you now—an escape bought cheaply, even at the cost of a stiff neck and a little contempt."

HOW CAN THE BLIND SEE?

A COMPANY of blind men sat talking together, seeming well satisfied with their discourse.

"The world is square," said one.

"No doubt," said another.

"And grass—let me consider—grass is *red*," said a third.

"Certainly," cried a fourth.

"And there is darkness always," said a fifth.

"There can be no question about that," chimed in a sixth.

And so they went on, making wonderful mistakes, and agreeing with one another most cordially.

But suddenly one of them gained his sight, and he saw that the world was round, the grass was green, and that it was light wherever the sun shone. So he ran to tell his friends.

"Oh, sirs, we were in a strange mistake when we settled all those things, I assure you! it arose from our being blind. I can see now, and wish you to profit by my experience."

"Do but hear him!" said one.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed another.

"Conceited knave!" cried a third.

"Impudent impostor!" said a fourth.

"Poor deluded fellow!" said a fifth.

"All cant!" said a sixth.

"Would you believe it?" said the astonished man to one who, like himself, could see.

"Believe it!" was the answer; "certainly: I expected no other. If you want them to *believe* you, you must see about getting them eyes for themselves: they can't see out of *yours*. You forget what you were when you were blind."

WHERE TO BEG AND PROSPER.

Two beggars met one day, and thus they talked as they rested on the road-side:—

"Ours is but a poor trade: I am getting very tired of it," said one.

"Are you? Well, it is not so with me. I find it a prosperous business, and like it better every day," said the other.

"Strange enough that!" was the answer: "there are so many things against us; first of all, one dares not go to the same person too often."

"That's not my experience," said the other. "I find that the oftener I go, the more readily I am heard."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed his companion. "I get turned

away with 'Saucy fellow!' or some such name, and am told to take my tale elsewhere. As to money or bread, I may knock pretty often before I get a sight of it."

"Now I can truly say," said his companion, "that if I don't get what I ask for, I have something better instead of it."

"A lucky fellow you are; and in these times, too, when people shake their heads and declare they have need to go begging themselves."

"Ah, that I am never told. I go where riches abound, and where there is enough, and *more* than enough, for all that ask."

"If I put on a doleful face, they call me hypocrite; if I put on a merry air, they say I am not in want: there is no knowing how to succeed with them."

"When I am in trouble, I get pity: when I am full of praise and joy, I get a more abundant blessing."

"Wonderful! wonderful! They grow tired of my story, I find, before they have half heard it, and suspect it is false without caring much for me even if it were true."

"How contrary my case! I cannot tell my sorrows and wants too often: I am told to come with every one of them; and, strange to say, so deep is the interest in my behalf, that what I have to tell is better known at the house where I beg than I know it myself."

"Why, what house do you beg at?" asked the astonished beggar.

"At the gate of heaven," said his companion. "Where do you beg?"

"Oh, I beg of the world," said he.

"Then no wonder you are tired of your trade. Come and try my gate. If you make your stand at *that*, you will never be disappointed, never get an angry or unkind word, and never, never be turned empty away."

THE WISE MAN AND THE FOOL.

THE Teacher sat in the highway, and his book was open in his hand.

"Come, let us hear his words," said one to his companion.

"Go *thou*," was the answer; "but as for me, thou seest this cap and bells on my head, and my motley coat: what should I do at the feet of the Teacher?"

Now he that walked with the Fool was of high stature, with a head lifted up, and he had a strut in his gait, and a conscious smile on his face, which said plainly, "I am of high price."

So he came to the Teacher, and Motley stood looking on afar off.

"What knowest thou?" asked the Teacher.

"Something of everything," was the answer.

"Thou knowest not that which I can show thee," said the Teacher.

"Of that I doubt," was the reply.

Then the Teacher propounded the truth, and laid before him all that he should know to be truly wise.

"Is *this* your instruction?" said the man. "Listen, I pray you, to me: I have a clearer knowledge of *this* than you pretend to teach, and can make it plainer and pleasanter to learn. Can you show me nothing else?"

The Teacher shook his head and replied—

"I would show you your ignorance; but, conceit blinding your eyes, you are not able to see it."

So the man was greatly offended, and scoffed at the Teacher, and rose and went his way.

But Motley drew near, and cried, "Good sir, I would thou couldst teach me."

"And why not?" asked the Teacher.

"Nay; I am but a poor fool," said Motley.

"And thou *knowest* it, and wouldst be wise?" said the Teacher.

"That would I truly," answered Motley; "and as to knowing I am a fool, how can I help it? Have I not a cap and bells on my head, and a fool's coat on my back?"

"And wilt thou part with them?"

"Ay, willingly, if thou wilt teach me where to get sober garments."

"Sit down at my feet, then, and learn," said the Teacher.

So I saw that the Fool sat down, and listened, and learned; and after a time his cap and bells and motley raiment were exchanged for other clothing; and while I wondered I remembered the words in the Teacher's book, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

Varieties.

THE REVENUE.—The gross produce of the revenue of the United Kingdom was as follows in the year ending June 30, 1864. The revenue of 1863 is given for comparison. There is increase in 1864 in every department except Customs and property-tax, in which the remission of duties and reduction of income-tax caused decrease to the amount of £3,357,000. Yet such was the elasticity of the revenue that the whole decrease was only £690,902.

	Year ended June 30th, 1864.	Year ended June 30th, 1863.
Customs	22,821,000	24,100,000
Excise	18,666,000	16,674,000
Stamps	9,462,000	9,135,000
Taxes	3,260,000	3,183,000
Property-tax	8,635,000	10,713,000
Post Office	3,820,000	3,750,000
Crown Lands	305,500	300,500
Miscellaneous	3,023,459	2,828,361
	£690,902,950	£70,683,861

IRISH EMIGRANT DELUSIONS AND SUFFERINGS.—The papers of all the large cities are filled with appeals for aid from the friends of various eleemosynary and benevolent societies and institutions. In these appeals the sufferings of orphans, widows, and children, are set out in the most touching terms. Washington is filled with misery; nor have I ever been in any cities in the world in which the Irish and other poor populations appear to live in more squalor, or to endure greater privations, than in the vile alleys of New York itself, Pittsburg, Baltimore, New Orleans, and the other large towns of the Union. No delusion can be greater than to suppose the poor emigrant at once attains a greater degree of physical comfort than he has in his own country.—*Times Correspondent in America.*

OLD BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.—The bridge was built by order of the Corporation, Mr. Robert Mylne, a native of Edinburgh, being the architect. The first pile was driven on the 7th of June, 1760, and the first stone laid on the 31st of October in the same year, by Sir Thomas Chitty, Knt., then Lord Mayor. It was finally opened for traffic on the 19th of November, 1769. When first opened a toll of one halfpenny each on weekdays, and one penny on Sundays, was taken, and continued until the 22nd of January, 1785, when they were redeemed by Government. The following records as to the laying of the first stone, and what may be expected to be found when that stone again is brought to light, are just now interesting. The "Annual Register" for the year 1760 says, after describing the ceremony, "Several pieces of gold, silver, and copper coins of his late Majesty (George II.) were placed under the stone, together with a silver medal given to Mr. Mylne, the architect, by the Academy of St. Luke, with a copper rim round it having the following inscription: 'In architectura prestantissimum (ipsa Roma iudice) Roberto Mylne pontis huius architectori grato animo posuit.'" In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of the same date we are told that there was, upon "a plate or plates of pure tin, a Latin inscription, written at the request of the Court of Common Council."

SAMARCAUD.—The most interesting communication during the last season of the Royal Geographical Society was from M. Vámbéry, a Hungarian traveller, who had recently penetrated, in the disguise of a dervish, through the territory of the Turcomans, to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand, in Central Asia, travelling through districts which had not been visited by a European since the days of Marco Polo. After several years of preparation in a Mohammedan college, he joined, at Teheran, in March, 1863, a company of poor pilgrims who were returning to Tartary from Mecca. They crossed the southeast corner of the Caspian Sea on board a Turcoman corsair, and landed at Geumushtepa (the *Silver Hill*), a camp of about 2000 tents of the Tamut tribe. From this place he visited the ruins of the wall built by Alexander the Great, which begins on the shores of the sea near this place, and stretches about 100 miles inland in the form of an embankment, dotted with turrets and fortifications. Continuing with the party, in a northerly direction, eastward of the Caspian, he passed the river Attrek, and, after crossing the Hyrcanian Desert, a horrible journey of twenty-two days, reached Khiva at the beginning of June. The present condition of the country, of which Khiva is the capital, he described as most wretched.

The next place he visited was Bokhara, distant ten or twelve days' journey, on camels from Khiva. On the road his party, to avoid a band of Turcoman robbers, were obliged to seek refuge in the desert of Djan-batiran (the *Life-destroyer*), where for six days they suffered horribly from thirst, and lost two of their number. The city of Bokhara occupies more ground than Teheran, but it is not so populous. Some of the palaces and mosques are built of stone; but the large, clumsy turrets produce a disagreeable impression. The whole khanat of Bokhara he estimated to comprise two million souls, including Persian slaves. The reigning prince is Moozaffar-ed-din, son of the khan who murdered Conolly and Stoddart. He is a man of good disposition, but is forced, for political reasons, to commit many tyrannical and barbarous acts. After spending a month in Bokhara, M. Vámbéry proceeded, full of anticipation, to the renowned city of Samarcand. He travelled for six days through a thickly peopled and well-cultivated country, and was greatly surprised at the quick succession of towns and villages on the road. But in Samarcand he was much disappointed. He found the capital of Timour in a state of decay, and, although he saw a few remains of its ancient glory, was convinced that the ancient reputation of the place was greatly exaggerated. The most remarkable of the ancient edifices were the medreses, or colleges, one of which, erected by the wife of Timour, a Chinese princess, was a most splendid building; but the magnificent portico, one hundred feet high, inlaid with mosaic in the form of roses, is now all that remains of it. The palace of Timour he described as very interesting, especially his tomb and a huge block of greenstone, the base of his throne, which must have been derived from some distant country, although how it was conveyed to the place it is now difficult to surmise. M. Vámbéry terminated his narrative with his arrival at Herat in October. An account of his travels is now preparing for publication.

LYNX-HUNTING IN NORWAY.—In the early winter, after a light fall of snow, the hunter takes with him a couple of hounds, inferior specimens of our foxhound breed. Their bodies are protected with a coat of mail, or rather leathers, consisting of bands or straps, to protect them from the lynx's terrific claws, without impeding the free action of their limbs. It is but seldom that a lynx escapes when once his tracks have been discovered. I can well imagine it to be an exciting chase. When hard pressed the animal turns to bay, and if the dogs are experienced ones, they take good care to keep at a respectful distance till the hunter comes up; but if they are young at the work, they will often run in to close quarters—a piece of audacity, however, seldom tried twice, for the powerful claws of the lynx are capable of inflicting terrible wounds. Young lynxes will generally run up a tree when hotly pursued; and I am told that, by taking off one's hat and placing it on a stick near the foot of the tree, they will remain there till it becomes quite dark. By far the greater number of these animals are trapped.—*Bernard's "Sport in Norway."*

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—The corner-stone of the old Capitol was laid by General Washington on the 18th September, 1793. This building was set on fire by the British in the war of 1814, at the conclusion of which it was rebuilt. The wings were added in 1851, on July 4th, the anniversary of the declaration of independence. Under the corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol Mr. Webster deposited a paper in his own handwriting, containing the following sentence:—"If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundations be upturned, and the deposit beneath this stone brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm—that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world."

PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN MATTERS OF FAITH.—It is a preposterous thing that men can venture their souls where they will not venture their money; for they will take their religion upon trust, but not trust a synod about the goodness of half a crown.—*William Penn.*

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